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SUNDAY, JANUARY 28, 1912.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

The political situation does not resemble a crystal ball. It is a muddy river, turbid and opaque, filled with swirling whirlpools and currents that lead in all directions.

Under these circumstances, it is difficult to see clearly. Definite prophecy is almost impossible. The conditions of to-day may be reversed to-morrow. It is this very uncertainty, however, which gives rest to the campaign. Nor is it unique. We go through the same experience, in greater or less degree, every four years. Some of these days we will adopt a constitutional amendment which will limit the occupation of the Presidential office to a single term of six years. When this happens, the periods of turmoil will be less frequent, and the spectacle of a President concerned for his political future will be avoided. Until this very desirable reform is adopted, however, we must expect a repetition of the conditions which now exist.

As far as the Republicans are concerned, one man could clarify the situation in an instant. His name is Theodore Roosevelt. He, months ago, when some opposition to President Taft had developed, and when Roosevelt's name was being used to conjure with, the former President had made an emphatic and dignified announcement that he would not, under any circumstances, be a candidate for the Presidency, nor accept the nomination, but would, on the other hand, support Mr. Taft, the way of the Republican party would have been clear. The La Follette movement, which was never serious enough to menace the President's re-nomination, would have died a-borning. Practically the entire party would have accepted Mr. Taft as its candidate, and no other name would have been mentioned.

Mr. Roosevelt, however, has not seen proper to take this action. He has remained silent. He has not discouraged the movement in his behalf. On the contrary, he has conferred with those who are known to be friendly to his re-nomination, and now it is an accepted fact that he will not decline the honor if it is thrust upon him. Why he should assume this attitude toward the President for whose nomination he so earnestly labored and whose election he undoubtedly helped to secure remains a mystery. No publicity has been given at any time to any specific differences between the two men, yet they have unquestionably drifted apart. Roosevelt says nothing; Taft remains silent. Thus it has come about that the Republican party, which might present a solid front to the enemy, is divided into two factions, one loyal to the President and the other seeking to oust him through the agency of the former occupant of the high office.

If Mr. Roosevelt had intended to support President Taft he would have made that fact known long ago. He would have halted the activities of his friends; he would have advised them to stand by the President. It is hardly likely that at this late day he will declare himself out of the running. It may be taken for granted, therefore, that he will allow his friends to continue their efforts in his behalf, and if the convention should nominate him, he will accept.

Whether he could be elected under these circumstances is a question that does not need to be discussed until, should a remote contingency become a fact, his name has been placed at the head of the Republican national ticket.

The Washington Herald has repeatedly asserted that President Taft ought to be and would be re-nominated. While it is an old proverb that all signs fall in a Presidential year, the refusal to re-nominate a President for a second term would overturn all precedents for fifty years, with the solitary exception of the case of Rutherford B. Hayes, and it is well known that the circumstances which attended his election made his re-nomination impossible. Mr. Arthur was not re-nominated, but he had not been elected President. Even in that instance the fact that he was not given the endorsement of a nomination was a potent factor in accomplishing the election of Cleveland. The latter carried New York by the smallest possible margin.

a margin that might have been on the other side if Chester A. Arthur, of New York, had been the Republican nominee. There was a serious reaction in the Republican party at the close of President Harrison's administration. A faction in the organization sought earnestly but unsuccessfully to defeat his re-nomination. The conditions then and now, however, are not entirely parallel. There was no Roosevelt in 1892 upon whom the opposition could unite. Blaine was more or less a popular idol, but he had once suffered defeat, and besides, was dying. McKinley, with great political sagacity, declined to be sacrificed upon the altar of a hopeless cause. He foresaw, undoubtedly, the possible defeat of his party under Harrison, but he also realized that defeat was absolutely certain if the administration were not sustained. He accepted the verdict of the majority of the delegates in convention assembled, and bided his time. He was afterward elected President of the United States.

The occupant of the White House may, if he be so disposed, build up an organization during his four years' term which will absolutely insure his re-nomination. Even if he should not work to this end, but rely entirely upon his record to gain his party's endorsement, it is ninety-nine chances to one that he will be re-nominated. It is to the credit of Mr. Taft that he has not, through flagrant or selfish use of power, sought to perpetuate himself in office. Whatever else he may be, he is not a scheming politician. It is because of this fact that his friends are to-day compelled to organize in his behalf. They are manifesting the astuteness which he will not display. They know that he has endeavored to administer his office with honesty, patriotism, and ability. They feel that the few mistakes which he may have made, and no man is infallible, are overshadowed by an administration free from scandal and marked by a high regard for public interest. If, in the face of this, Mr. Taft should prove the solitary exception to the general rule, it will be a unique experience in American politics.

In the Democratic party the outcome is by no means assured.

Inspired by the belief that a nomination is equivalent to an election, owing to the serious divisions in their opponents' ranks, the various aspirants for the Presidency are seeking earnestly to secure the nomination. It is the first time in many years that the Democratic nomination has been really sought.

Woodrow Wilson, despite all that he has said and done, and possibly because of what he has said and done, would seem to be occupying the foremost position. If the editorial expressions throughout the country be accepted as an evidence of public sentiment, he has not suffered by his break with Mr. Harvey. It is interesting, however, to recall some salient facts in his political career. More than two years ago he was brought into prominence by Harper's Weekly. With emphatic persistence, and at a time when the advent of a scholar into politics seemed the height of absurdity, Wilson was praised as a man of ability, patriotism, and, above all, of sound and conservative views. He was pictured as the antithesis of Bryan and all the ideas that Bryan and his following represent. Eventually, this "exaltation" of Wilson's virtues made an impression upon the country. He began to be taken seriously. Then, as the first step toward higher office, he was pushed into the gubernatorial race in New Jersey and was elected.

Then came the change. Woodrow Wilson to-day is not the Woodrow Wilson who was ennobled two years ago. He is now the advocate of the initiative and referendum and the recall; he has not hesitated to openly antagonize the financial interests which at first regarded him as safe and sane. Above all, he is now aligned with Bryan, whom he was once anxious to "knock into a cocked hat." He has accepted all the progressive ideas, including direct elections, and spells "people" with a capital P. In the meantime, his candidacy has been accelerated by an organization which could not have subsisted without a plentiful supply of funds. It had headquarters in New York and deluged the newspapers throughout the country with hundreds of editorial utterances, interviews, and reports of the formation of Wilson clubs. It conducted an active propaganda. No one has yet explained the source of the money which was required to maintain this active bureau.

It is rather curious, however, that since Gov. Wilson decided that Mr. Harvey's support was more of a hindrance than a help, the daily budget of Wilsonian literature has failed to arrive. The situation is not wholly without a touch of humor.

And yet, notwithstanding all these things, Gov. Wilson is gaining recruits daily. He has not been displaced as the foremost candidate on the Democratic side.

Gov. Harmon, now seeking to ingratiate himself with the people of the Pacific Coast, is Wilson's most formidable antagonist. He is strongest with the conservative element of his party, although he has been at pains to demonstrate that he is by no means a reactionary. He has some opposition in his own State—just as New Jersey is divided over Wilson—and he is somewhat hampered by the fact that he is nearly seventy years of age. The point to be emphasized, however, is that both candidates must confront the rule an-

Democratic national conventions whereby a two-thirds vote is necessary to nominate. It is this fact which renders the outcome uncertain and makes it possible for a deadlock to occur, which will result in the choice of a compromise candidate. It is this contingency which offers hope to Champ Clark and Mr. Underwood and others who are not actively engaged in seeking the nomination.

Such is the kaleidoscopic political situation. It is full of interest from every point of view.

The Restriction of Immigration.

The communication to The Washington Herald from Mr. Simon Wolf relative to the restriction of immigration deserves careful reading. While Mr. Wolf does not hesitate to commend the exclusion of undesirable immigrants, he nevertheless forcibly asserts that it would be unfortunate for this country, which owes so much of its prosperity to the introduction and amalgamation of the foreign element, to close its doors against those who seek a home within our borders.

It is not necessary, as Mr. Wolf points out, to exclude everybody because some of the would-be immigrants are plainly unworthy of consideration. On the contrary, he would draw the lines closely against those who are undesirable and then he would welcome those who can add to the brain and brawn of the republic. It is to be said for his position that we have profited much in the past by encouraging immigration. The Irish and the Germans, to say nothing of the Norwegians and Swedes who have populated the Northwest, have contributed largely to the development of the United States, and in times of stress and danger have proved their loyalty, even to the sacrifice of their lives.

Mr. Wolf's appeal is eloquent and timely. It will find a responsive echo in the hearts of the thousands who were born on foreign shores or who are the descendants of foreign-born citizens.

Eileen Martin.

"I'm pretty little, but I'll try," said seven-year-old Eileen Martin, daughter of a section foreman, who discovered a broken rail on the tracks near her home, saw by the semaphore signal that the Overland limited was in the block, and knew that danger threatened the train. She had come from her mother to see the "Limited" sweep by the little town of Alta, Cal., as she was accustomed to do. She saw the broken rail as she crossed to her safe place of observation.

The discovery gave wings to her little feet. She ran to the station, but found that the agent, who had set the signal, had gone home to dinner. She climbed upon a chair and told him through the telephone of the broken rail. There was not a minute to be lost. The agent asked earnestly through the telephone: "Can't you take the red flag, Eileen, run down the track a little way, and flag the train? Try it; that's a good girl."

"I'm pretty little, but I'll try," came back to the agent the answer of the childish voice. And try she did, with such effect that the train with its many passengers was brought to a stop less than 100 feet from the broken rail; and the name of Eileen Martin went over the wires to all parts of this country. Eileen Martin's technical knowledge of the semaphore, telephone, and signals of the railroad could not be possessed by every child, and few at seven would have had the quick wit to realize the danger or to act so promptly upon the means at hand to avert calamity; but Eileen was equal to it, and the story of what she did in her childish way is worthy of being told in every primary school in the land.

She was only seven, and "pretty little" to stop a train, but she was willing to try.

PROUD BOY SCOUT, HE.

The One Picked to Ride with the Hero of Mafeking.

One of the 600 Boy Scouts in Washington will be chosen to ride from Union Station to the White House with Maj. Gen. Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scout movement and hero of the siege of Mafeking, upon the latter visit to this city on Saturday next. The identity of the lucky scout has not been made public.

The Boy Scouts of Washington will be reviewed by Gen. Baden-Powell on Saturday afternoon, and later a lecture and reception will be held.

The coming of Gen. Baden-Powell to Washington has aroused great interest, and a number of new enlistments are being received. Sixty boys of the Ludlow School have been organized into a company, the Twenty-eighth Washington.

Invitations have been sent from the Boy Scout headquarters in this city to scouts in the neighboring States, and it is expected that more than 100 scouts from Maryland and Virginia will come to meet Gen. Baden-Powell.

NORWEGIANS ENJOY BANQUET.

Minister Bryn Gives an Address at Society's Annual Dinner.

The Norwegian Society of the District held a banquet in honor of its tenth anniversary at the Arlington last night. A number of prominent Norwegians addressed the society, dwelling in their addresses on its history and growth. The speakers were Minister Bryn, of the Norwegian Legation; W. Morgenstern, secretary of the legation; T. John, president of the society; Senator Asle J. Grønna, of North Dakota; and R. N. Sævi.

G. C. Installation Next Thursday.

The installation of Rev. Alphonse J. Dunbar, S. J., as president of Georgetown University will take place next Thursday afternoon, and will be preceded by a reception to the dean of the various colleges and a few invited guests. The installation services will be simple in character.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE HACK RHYMESTER.

If you think this doesn't class with the verse turned out by Gray,
Recollect, ere you pass, that I do this every day.

Gray put in some seven years working on one bit of rhyme.
I'll tell you—seven there in about that length of time.

Wordsworth wrote some plaintive rhyme,
He had wondrous gifts of power;
But I've said he took his time, working only upon hours.

He could stroll among the birds whilst he polished up a line.
That's why he turned out words worth a great deal more than mine.

Shelley worked by starts and fits; I must grind like any clerk.
That's one reason why his rank far above my work.

Burns could drink if he inclined; that is why his verse is good.
But I do my daily grind like a hired man sows his seed.

Enloe Pennycuik Says:
It's all right to get into the public eye,
But don't be a human chide.

Sugar Coated.
Some take no verse as mental food,
But they are very wrong; a little verse will do you good and make you well and strong.

Of course, some people balk at rhyme; in catering to those, we take some verse from time to time and serve it up as prose.

The Situation.
"Any excitement about your romance?"
"Well, some. The wedding is set in ten days. The bride-elect has an appointment for every evening intervening with a different fellow, each of whom hopes to make her change her mind."

You don't see any more old-fashioned poker stories in print; they have been supplanted by smart-bridge anecdotes.

Emphasizing the Points.
It might help them drama some
To have the cymbals slam,
Or sound a crash upon the drum
With every epigram.

The human body contains sulphur in varying quantities, which may account for some girls making better matches than others.

Quite So.
"The poor are often ungrateful."
"Often they are not handled properly."
"Think not!"

"No; people insist on giving them canned flannel when they'd rather have crayon portraits of themselves."

Something Imminent.
"That new boarder is acting in a rather peculiar manner."
"Yes," said the landlady. "He is either going to pay up or propose."

Very Selfish.
"She's a mean cat."
"As to how?"
"Her children do better than mine at school, and yet she won't tell me what brain food she buys."

WOMEN FENCERS IN STURDY BOUTS.

Baroness de Meyer Meets Her Waterloo When She Accepts Challenge of Mrs. Dewar.

New York, Jan. 27.—A brief four minutes of flashing foils, dextrous thrusting, and brilliant parrying at the Colony Club this afternoon, and the Baroness de Meyer, one of Europe's best women fencers, who lately lamented the fact that America had no one worthy of her steel, had met her Waterloo. In those four minutes of lightning action sturdy Mrs. William H. Dewar, of Philadelphia, had twice sent the point of her foil home to the Baroness' heart, and when the time ended was resting on the defensive, smiling happily and confidently, with only one score against her.

Four hundred persons, all prominent in New York society, gathered at the Colony Club to witness the match, for which Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney had offered a silver cup, and when the result was announced many a glove cracked in applause.

Among the spectators were Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Miss Anne Morgan, Robert Graves, Elsie Dyer, Miss Lotta Robinson, Baron de Meyer, and Mrs. Benjamin Guinness. Justice Gerard, of the Supreme Court, was there as a spectator, and the judges were Dr. Graeme Hammond, Dr. M. J. Echeverria, Charles Dallam, and Prof. Diannella.

It was announced that the bout would last four minutes, the contestants having the most points at the end of that time or scoring four points first, winning.

The world was given and the two ladies stood at attention, the Baroness, a tall, lithe figure, dressed in white and Mrs. Dewar, shorter in stature, but sturdy and well built, clad in black velvet. Society held its breath, for here was a clash of international import, and of deep concern to the American woman athlete.

Mrs. Dewar opened the attack, making a long thrust that surprised her antagonist. For fully half a minute she kept up a bewildering attack, at once fast, furious and skillful, with the Baroness parrying valiantly while on the defensive. Finally there was a clash of foils, the Baroness received the point of the foil near her heart. A cheer from the crowd, and the little woman continued on.

For a minute more she pressed this same swift attack. The Baroness, now convinced that here was a fencer worthy of her best steel, tried time and again to avert the sword of her opponent, but without avail. The last clash of the foils was followed by a thrust straight at the heart of the Baroness, and the crowd wildly cheered a second point for Mrs. Dewar.

The match, smiling sweetly, and not in the least exhausted, dropped back to the defensive and allowed the Baroness to go after her as she pleased. The Baroness got home one offensive thrust, but her attack had been solved, and the match ended with the score of 2 to 1.

Mrs. Dewar took from the bosom of her blouse a tiny American flag, which she had placed there, and waved it while the crowd cheered. Her husband picked her up and kissed her, and New York society felt highly satisfied, and vindicated.

Jeremiah H. Hogan Dead.

The body of Jeremiah H. Hogan, a well-known utility dealer, who died Friday night at his residence, 122 Irving street, northwest, at the age of forty-nine years, was sent last night in the family home at Albany, N. Y. Mr. Hogan retired from business about two years ago, when he sold his office depot, in Twelfth street, to the Raleigh Hotel Company.

POPULAR SONGS ILLUSTRATED BY CARTOONS—No. 2.



A. H. G. RICHARDSON

W. B. HARVEY

Arranged by A. La Mada

Andante

1. No one to love, no one to love, roaming alone through this world's wilderness.

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